*Enter the Queene.*

*Who who* *Th who*

Qu. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe, *Who Whe* 1602
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe ?
Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my selfe, *soule* 1602
And to my selfe become an enemie.

*Dut.* What meanes this scene of rude impatience?

*Qu.* To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament : if die, be briefe :
That our swift winged soules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

*Dut.* Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As *I* had title in thy noble husband: *my*
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,
And *I* for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children frō mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moitie of my griefe, *selfe*
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries? *thy* 1602

*Boy.* Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death, *my*
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

*Girl.* Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

*Qu.* Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eies,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane, *moone*
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward,

*Ambo.*

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